

September 24th 1918.

My Dearest Wife:-

I have a little time now in which to write but I don't know how much I will have. I am on duty and in addition to that have been operating all day on cases left over from my last tour of duty. We have been very busy lately and from indications at present I judge that we will be so the rest of the summer.

The news from the Front today was the most wonderful we have had since the drive started in July. The British have taken 10,000 prisoners and many towns among them many of great importance. The French have taken 2000 and the Americans 500 and each have made large advances. If this keeps up we will soon be in Germany. Isn't it wonderful dear? Such news makes our work seem light and it is really interesting to see the difference in the mental condition of the French civilians. They all insist that the war will be over this Christmas but I don't believe it because there isn't time between now and then for us to lick the Germans sufficiently. But at least right now they are getting a good beating and believe me it isn't over yet.

It is cloudy out now and has been raining some so I guess we will sleep some tonight. I was up a good deal last night, but it was mostly for operative work. I have scrubbed so much lately that my arms are very

sore. Do you remember how sore they used
to get at home when I was doing a lot
Save your money for our honeymoon
Rosy

(The Boob).^(P.B.)
of operating.

I simply can't understand this undue
intimacy between you and Rosy. Are
you keeping something from me, woman?
Rosy said tonight that he would be
with us next Christmas but that is
one thing I won't stand for. I am
getting enough of him in the Army.
I don't see when he gets that stuff. I never
suggested "us" — my you and I. — Rosy.

There goes his intimacy again. Well
I guess it's all right after all because
he is a pretty decent sort.

Honestly dear, these letters must seem
rather crazy to you but they give Rosy
and me a lot of fun. I must close now
and go to work. Give my love to Glad and
the dear kiddies. With dearest love and a
million kisses to you sweetheart, I am
your devoted and loving
P.B.

I love you dearest. I love you.
1st St. N. Smith W.C. U.S.A.